

Don't forget Red Week, Commencing May 1, 1916.

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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The Promised Land.

The Sons of Martha. (By Rudyard Kipling.)

The Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have inherited "that good part."
But the sons of Martha favor their mother, of the careful soul and the troubled heart.
And because she lost her temper once, and because she was rude to the Lord her guest,
Her sons must wait upon Mary's sons, world without end, repose or rest.

It is their care in all the ages, to take the buffet and cushion the shock.
It is their care that the gear engages; it is their care that the switches lock;
It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their care to embark and entrain.
Tally, transport and deliver duly, the Sons of Mary, by land and main.

They say to the mountains, "Be ye removed."
They say to the lesser floods "Run dry."
Under their rods are the rocks reproved; they are not afraid of that which is high.
Then do the hill-tops shake to the summit, then is the bed of the deep laid bare.
That the Sons of Mary may overcome it, pleasantly and unaware.

They find death in their gloves' ends when they piece and piece the living wires.
He rears against the wires they tend; they feed him honey behind the fires.
Early at dawn, ere morn'g see clear, they stumble into his terrible snare.
And hale him forth like a haltered steer, and lead and turn him till he fall.

To these from birth is belief forbidden; to these till death is belief afar;
They are concerned with matters hidden; under the earth line their altars are;
The sacred fountains to follow up; waters withdrawn to restore to the mouth;
Yea! and gather the floods in a cup, and pour them again at a city's mouth.

They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before the huts work loose;
They do not teach that His day allows them to leave their work whenever they choose.
As in the thronged and lightened ways, so in the dark and desert they stand,
Wary and watchful all their days that their brethren's days may be long in the land.

Life ye the stone or cleave the wood, to make a path more fair or flat,
Lo! it is black already with blood, some Sons of Martha spilled for that.
Not as a ladder from earth to heaven, not as an altar to any creed,
But simple service, simply given to his own kind in their common need.

And the Sons of Mary smile and are blessed; they know the angels are on their side;
They know in them is the faith confessed; for them are the mercies multiplied.
They sit at the feet and they hear the word; they know how truly the promise runs;
They cast their burden upon the Lord, and the Lord He lays it on Martha's sons.

The Passing Show.

Prime Minister Hughes has arrived at

chorus: "See the conquering

accepted the Crown, Yuan Shi

says Rear-Admiral Stan

charge of all. "Our Navy," he said, shedding a bitter tear, "is too weak to be a bully."

It is a relief to know that the doctors are differing in Chidley's case, and that Chidley will have to be tried some more. Chidley has come to occupy a firm place in the affections of the pleasure-loving metropolis of N.S.W.

The Mexican Federation of Labor believes there are European and American capitalists behind Villa and the killing of Americans. Well, there generally is blood where there is blood.

"Trade follows the Flag," generally means that certain bloods follow it—with an army and machine guns between.

If you believe that capitalism is hanging itself, don't stand idly by. Lend a hand by pulling on the rope.

Society now concedes to every man the right to live. What Socialism proposes is that it shall go further and concede him the means whereby he can live.

The capitalists derive their power through control of government. They lose no time preaching solidarity on the industrial field.

An exchange wants "education towards patriotism." As if the European War is not example enough of patriotism in action!

As long as the machinery of government is controlled by those who live in luxury upon rent, interest and profit, it will be used by them to hold down those who live only by selling their labour power.

In a recent speech, Archbishop Wright said he was hopefully looking forward to a great revival of religion owing to the war, and Army-Chaplain Bruce Taylor, speaking at Montreal after returning from France, said the soldiers sang all sorts of hymns set to hymn tunes, a fact which might lead a distant hearer to conclude that the soldiers were becoming very religious. One he quoted: "Wash me in the water that they washed the little daughter, and I'll be whiter than the whitewash on the wall," which, he said, was sung to a Moody and Sankey tune. There is evidently more profanity than piety in the soldiers.

The Pope's brother is dead. He was a rural postman earning about £16 a year. Times have surely changed for Popes' relations since the days of the Borgias; and what has hit them will probably soon reach out for the relations of Kaisers, Czars and Emperors.

"Should the clergy enlist?" is a favorite question in the newspapers just now. Bishop Long, of Bathurst, N.S.W., says they shouldn't, but we differ from him. There are about 50,000 clergymen in Britain, many of whom are of military age, and well primed with Old Testament ardor. They would be better at the front than condescending to the girls at home. In this country there are also large numbers of parsons who, judging by their talk, would make real good soldiers if they could only be induced to give up profit-hunting and enlist.

According to the London "Daily News," the Holy City of Jerusalem is Germanized, and "in the Via Dolorosa itself the Teuton traffics." Well, the German trader will find it hard to compete against the Oriental in faked relics.

Henry Ford, the American Pacifist, on his return home, was covered with derision by newspaper writers. They are beginning to find, however, that Ford cars are selling better than ever. "Blessed are the Peacemakers."

"Parsons should enlist," said a profane speaker recently. The clergy are not having any. Their job is to show others the way to heaven—especially just now, when there is a short cut through France and Flanders.

A war correspondent says: "At last men in the great war have got down to using clubs—just ordinary clubs—for braining purposes."

For "freedom" and "progress," of course.

"English cookery is largely spoiled by ignorance," says H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll. Perhaps it might be improved if we turned some of the princesses into cooks.

Rumor has it that the British and Russians are making for Bagdad, where they will avenge the violation of Belgium and the invasion of France.

The Federal Government is restricting the sale of firearms. It probably believes that "preparedness" in the individual may lead to aggression. What a pity our rulers haven't enough brains or sincerity to apply the theory to the State!

G. S. Beeby, ex-Minister of N.S.W., has hobbled up once more on the political horizon. He is proposing to annex the Wagga seat as leader of the "Progressives." In defining his position he said he did not wish it to be understood that the Progressive Party would necessarily be opposed to the working classes. Rather their objects were in the direction of their uplifting and improving their conditions of living by persuasion. He hoped, during the coming campaign, to convince the great majority of the present Labor supporters, the reasonable-minded section, who would listen to argument, that the present system of government must only leave the effect ultimately of making living harder for them. In all this lunc we can clearly recognise Tory Lib-Labism. Talk of friendship for the workers, and "improvement of their conditions of living by persuasion," is not likely to mislead any worker who has brains enough to distinguish a hawk from a hand saw. We can, however, endorse the remark that the present system of government must make things harder for the workers. As long as the present system is persisted in, the worker's lot will become harder. He will continue to be taken down by bands of robbers in the name of Liberalism, Laborism, and Progressivism.

An assertion not infrequently heard runs: "It is no use sending representatives of the working class into Parliament or electing them into responsible positions. The surroundings are sure to corrupt them, and in time they will succumb to their environment and turn on their own class." Bearing on this there comes an important piece of news from the publicity service of the American Committee of Industrial Relations. It is about Governor George W. P. Hunt, of Arizona. Five thousand copper miners were on strike in Arizona, and contrary to the precedents established in Colorado, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, N. Jersey and other States, Governor Hunt, after discovering that the cause of the strikers was just, sent the militia to protect the strikers against the corporations; moreover, he prohibited the importation of gun men and strike breakers. The sheriff, following the Governor's example, appointed strikers as deputy sheriffs. As a result not a single worker was killed or wounded. There was no violence.

No one in Britain seems to know what Prime Minister Hughes is politically. The Liberals claim him, Ben Tillett and other Laborites do the same, while the "Times," on behalf of the Tories, hails him as the very personification of the party's wisdom. In a recent leader the Tory thunderer said: "Mr. Hughes is making the most notable contributions to the formation of a sound Imperial policy. He stands for exactly those robust principles of national security which the war is slowly restoring to British politics. Whoever the British representatives to the Paris conference may be they should include so sane and vigorous a spokesman from the Dominions. If the Government think we are going to peace as unprepared as we went to war they know singularly little of public feeling. The people expect decisive action. They want effective

consolidation of Empire, and intend that the views put forward at Paris shall be the views of the five British democracies, and not the views of a little oligarchy of English Liberals."

There now! The "Times" wants Hughes to attend the forthcoming Paris conference to voice the robust principles of British Imperialism. After that we shall not be surprised if Little Billy is invited to stay in Britain and run the show there.

Every new subscriber you get for "The International Socialist" is a blow struck at Capitalism.

The Socialists of Holland are fairly unanimous in opposition to increased armament and further military "preparedness." They see clearly what destructive weapons and "preparedness" have done for others.

In a paper which George Frederic Stratton contributes to "Cassier's" on the development of the mechanical engineer, there is quoted an address recently made before a Convention of Labor delegates, which is perhaps one of the most interesting passages in the paper. The Labor speaker said:—

"To whom can we credit the development of all the great mechanical arts if not to the working man? Did any trained, professional engineer have anything to do with the practical adoption of steam for power, the invention of textile machines, or the adaptation of electricity for lighting and driving? George Stephenson was a fireman; Watt an instrument maker; and Newcomen, a blacksmith. Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning machine, was a barber; Jacquard, of silk-loom fame, a typefounder. In our America, Fulton, the originator of the steamboat, was a painter; Corliss, a self-trained machinist; Robert Hoe, the greatest of printing-press inventors, was a tool maker. We find it the same with pioneers in electricity. Benjamin Franklin was a printer; Morse a painter; Edison a news seller and telegraph operator; Elihu Thomson, a chemist; Van Depoele, a cabinet maker. It is true that Brush and Westinghouse were mechanical engineers, but they were not electrical engineers. That is the point I want to make—that these great industries were developed by men who were untrained in them. The engineer was a development of the industry, and the industry was initiated by the working man."

According to the Paris daily journals, a Belgian scientist, M. Effront, has succeeded in producing artificial meat, and this is another advance made by modern chemistry, after the synthesis of vegetable extracts or perfumes and even the albumens which are the base of living substance.

M. Effront now uses a remarkable process for industrial preparation of nitrogenous foods at a very low price, and these are said to resemble ordinary meat in a striking degree.

He uses different residues of manufactures which are almost worthless, such as brewery or distillery refuse products, and from these he extracts a food albumen. The refuse material is first washed, then pressed and treated by sulphuric acid and afterwards by lime, being then put through other operations too long to enumerate, ending by filtering and evaporating in vacuo.

The result is a pasty extract which has a very pronounced taste of meat and has three times the food value of the latter, owing to its concentrated state. At Brussels several doctors have already made experiments upon nutrition of the human body, and the results are quite conclusive.

The same chemist produces a like food by the use of fodder, such as hay or clover as the raw material, and this product has a similar nutritive value, as has been proved by various tests. Such researches are as yet far from the absolute synthesis which Berthelot predicted, but economists already foresee that the practical use of these nitrogenous products may go far to counteract the continual rise in prices of food at the present time. Perhaps the day is not distant when science will be able to produce from the mineral world not only foods of animal origin, but those which come from the vegetable kingdom.

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Karl Marx is coming to rank with Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer as one of the three Titans of the scientific revolution.—Professor Ferri, (University of Turin). "Socialism and Modern Science."

The "Cancer of German Trade."

On Wednesday, March 15, Mr. Hughes, Prime Minister of Australia, addressed the Imperial Council of Commerce in London, and succeeded in evoking cheers by stating in terse terms the main objective of the war.

According to the cabled report of his speech, Mr. Hughes said: "The great issue is whether right or might is to rule the civilized world. That is the slogan of the whole Empire."

Mr. Hughes assumed, and his audience was in enthusiastic accord with him, that the Allies have right on their side, while the Germans have only might. To ensure the triumph of right over might, he urged the necessity of the Empire putting its whole strength into the war, so that Britain and her Allies would have might as well as right on their side.

This, of course, was equal to an admission that at bottom the struggle is one of might against might. It was saying in effect: "The Germans are altogether in the wrong, while we are absolutely in the right. Not having right on their side, they should not be allowed to dominate the world. We, having right on our side, should crush Germany if we have the might, and rule the world after our ideas of right and wrong."

In his next sentence, Mr. Hughes made it clear what he thought we should do to ensure the triumph of right. We should put forth the most supreme effort to take advantage of the tremendous opportunity that now presented itself. "Cutting out the cancer of German trade is no task for weaklings," he said, and the remark, we are told, was greeted with "tremendous cheering."

When the matter in Mr. Hughes's speech is boiled down, it amounts to a claim that our Empire has a right to the trade of Germany. The war is not being waged because an archduke was assassinated, nor because a treaty was violated in Belgium. The issue is greater than that. It is a war for trade, for the world's markets. The Teutons are fighting for places to sell their wares. Their opponents claim they have no right to sell them and that their trade is a cancer which must be "cut out." The outcry against "Prussian militarism" is only bunk inspired by the hatred of commercial competition. The German military machine is but the jemmy by which the capitalist prizes his way into his neighbor's treasury, and the British military and naval machine must be perfected to stop him. The world's market calls for the world's mastery. Both sides claim that their opponent has no right to be master—hence the struggle.

Socialism and Unionism

Before leaving this subject I would like to add a few more words to make my position still clearer. It may be said "If shorter hours of labor are of no use to the working class then it is no use trying to shorten the working day." This is a fallacy, because the capitalist, no matter how many hours are worked, relaxes no efforts to get the maximum amount of energy from his wage slave.

Marx, in chapter 15 of "Capital," says: "There cannot be the slightest doubt that the tendency that urges capital so soon as a prolongation of the hours of labor is once for all forbidden to compensate itself by a systematic heightening of the intensity of labor and to convert every improvement in machinery into a more perfect means of exhausting the workman, must soon lead to a state of things in which a reduction of the hours of labor will again be inevitable." The shortening of the working day is, therefore, not optional on our part, but a necessity.

The same thing applies to an increase in wages. It is sometimes said "Why increase wages when soon after prices will be raised and the workman no better off?" This, again, generally speaking, is not a matter of choice, but of necessity. A few months ago Mr. Knibbs, the Commonwealth Statistician, said: "I believe that a careful study of statistics would show that almost invariably higher wages have followed and not preceded, as is generally thought to be the case, increased cost of living. It is only when economic pressure causes a decrease in the standard of comfort of the worker's household that he revolts and forces an increase from his employers. This is what is happening now, and this it is which has led to the industrial unrest of the present time."

Thus, it will be seen that action on the industrial field is imperative. I sometimes think the reason why some craft unions, having rigid rules as to number of apprentices, etc., and who, because of their position, are able to secure comparatively favorable conditions, are opposed to amalgamating with other unions, as in that case if there was a general increase in wages their position would fall to the average. But the capitalist is not neglecting these unions. In America, at least, bricklaying is being displaced by concrete construction, and bricklaying, plastering and plumbing, three favorably situated occupations, are being taught in trade schools in a few months; so that surplus labor power may be accumulated and wages reduced or speed increased.

Socialists, if they want to adhere to first principles—to Marxian economics and philosophy—must carefully steer clear of the Scylla of political reformism and opportunism with its false, optimistic, "bit by bit" philosophy, and the Charybdis of anarchist pessimism, also doomed to defeat. The working class in the coils of capitalism, wreathing in the sweat and agony of murderous conditions, reminds one of that great work of sculpture where Laocoon and his two sons are caught in the coils of an enormous serpent.

When Socialism has multiplied its adherents in the ranks of our class, then an economic, class-conscious organisation will become inevitable. In present conditions, a class-conscious union which meant business would find itself crushed between the upper millstone of capitalism and the nether millstone of conservative if not reactionary unionism.

Re the shortening of the hours of labor, it might be opportune in concluding to give "a word in season" (as the wowers say) to those who deride political action. In "Value, Price and Profit" Marx says: "As to the limitation of the working day in England, as in all other countries, it has never been settled, except by legislative interference. Without the workman's continuous pressure from without that interference would never have taken place. But, at all events, the result was not to be attained by private settlement between the workmen and the capitalists. This very necessity of general political action affords the proof that in its merely economic action capital is the stronger side."

F. SUTHERLAND

"Time respects only those institutions which time itself has played its part in building up. That which violence wins for us to-day, another act of violence may wrest from us to-morrow. Those stages of progress are alone enduring which have rooted themselves in the mind and conscience of mankind before receiving the final sanction of legislation. The only means of realising what is good is to teach it by education and propagate it by example."—Francisco Ferrer.

Get ready for Red Week.

For Freedom Or—?

Once upon a time there was a mining township where a number of people lived—or rather, I should say, where a few "lived" and many existed—for the social system of those times was such that only the few could live (in the true sense of the word), the majority were forced to drag out a miserable existence, some having to work long exhausting hours for a mere pittance, whilst others were—through capitalistic mismanagement—reduced to a chronic state of unemployment, and all—even those who spent their days and strength in toil, producing great wealth and many beautiful things—lived in great misery and continual want and worry.

Now this was not in the days of Tiberius Gracchus, but quite 2304 years later, in an age when the majority, who were only of very, very average intelligence, really thought that they were in the full enjoyment of "Freedom." By average intelligence it will please be understood I mean complete stupidity and mental deadness; for he it is known that the majority at that time were so mentally atrophied that had their masters riveted chains upon their hands and feet, and caged them like wild beasts, giving them increased toil and wretchedness and only a mouldy crust for sustenance, they would have meekly submitted, saying in their crass stupidity that "Anything's good enough for the like of us."

So satisfied were they in this mining township with their rags and hovels, their ugly conditions of life, that never one thought of rebellion had ever stirred within the cavity of their bovine skulls.

Now these poor mentally dead people really did believe they were "free" (I say "believe" advisedly), it is easy to believe—it does not require the slightest effort to believe; thinking was utterly beyond these slaves of capitalism. They really believed they were "free," in spite of hourly evidence to the contrary, and they were willing—nay anxious—to set out and slaughter millions of other fellow slaves in defence of this mythical "freedom." At one nod from their masters these half-starved mechanics, these toil-burdened industrialists, these slaves poured forth from the field, factory and workshop; from the mines and every corner they came, with their chains clanking, to fight for the preservation of their freedom. (Ye Gods!) Now if anyone dared to question them as to what was the freedom they were willing to die for and willing to kill some other slave who was equally wretched, they would fall on that daring inquirer and tear him limb from limb. How dare they question the existence of their freedom! Hadn't they the right to vote once a year or once in three years? Hadn't they wages boards, arbitration, the referendum? Couldn't they actually about once a year sit at the same table with the boss at a "beano" or employees' picnic? Wasn't that "freedom" enough for "the likes of them"? Wasn't that something to die for and worth killing their brother slave for? Besides, of course, these slaves existed under the protection of a "Flag." That flag was worth dying for. So the questioner was usually driven out with sticks and stones. How dare he doubt the existence of freedom under that flag? "Let him die the death!" scourge him, crucify him. If the questioner is one of the compulsory employed, his fellow slaves (who are generally called loyal by the boss) will howl for his life, or to have him deprived of his means of existence; turn him out, starve him, make him go out and fight, hold the lash of hunger over the heads of his loved ones who are dependent on his toil for a crust and shelter. Even more than that—you will hear the questioner's fellow slaves saying "He ought to be shot" for daring to question their "freedom." These were some of the ideas of "freedom" held by the average-minded wage slave in the mining township I spoke of, in the year of the "God Profit" 1916.

Now there were some very respectable people in that mining town; there was the sitting politician, the would-be politician, there were preachers and lawyers, there were old and highly-respected residents, and peace-seeking, petty, paltry-minded lodge officials—many of the latter were really wage slaves themselves, but had, through their tremendous capacity for crawling, slobbering and licking after the boss, and their reptilian ability to deceive their mentally undeveloped fellow slaves, managed to get themselves "dressed in a little brief authority," and in consequence had rapidly developed severe attacks of swelled head, which is really one of the surest symptoms of mental and moral degeneration. Well, some of these would-be-if-they-could-be-somebodies who were occupying the lofty position of

petty officials in the miners' lodge in this mining town had imposed a levy on their fellow slaves for the purpose of providing other slaves with material with which to go and kill other slaves in the interest of the boss. This levy for pater-rotic purposes met with the approval of almost every one of these poor benighted creatures, and was paid without a protest, and had they murmured against it they would have been called "disloyal" (terrible thing!).

Now there also dwelt in the town a small band of rebels who were keen thinkers, intelligent and fearless; they realised the awful conditions of slavery that existed everywhere; and refused to be so hypocritical as to pretend that such a thing as "freedom" could exist alongside of such brutal conditions of human society. They rebelled against the brutalising conditions under which they were compelled to exist. These rebels were students of nature and of human society. They knew that "freedom" in its true sense could be attained by all the wage slaves of the world uniting to keep the wealth their toil produced and to keep the means of producing it. These rebels realised the awful shame of slaves going out to kill their brother slaves in the interest of the "God Profit," this "God Profit" being really the Moloch of twentieth century Christian civilisation. Some of these rebels (without the rebel there would be nothing new under the sun) were miners. (It was not for fun they toiled in the mine, but because hunger compelled them to.) And it was against their principles to pay out of their scanty wage the levy imposed for pater-rotic purposes. They objected to war and to giving anything for the support of war. They recognised that their class interests were identical with the class interests of those other slaves whom they were expected to kill. They refused to forswear the noble principles and high ideals of brotherhood that had been the guiding star of their lives. They refused to swallow the humbug about "country, flag and freedom," and refused to pay that pater-rotic levy. The conditions of slavery under which they existed could not kill their manhood or enslave their rebel souls. They refused to pay for the slaughter of their fellow slaves. This firm and fearless attitude on the part of the rebels aroused the wrath of the petty lodge officials whose one desire in life was to lick the bosses' tracks; they were utterly incapable of understanding these rebels' high-minded thought and action; how could they understand the rebel risking all for the sake of a noble principle? They—the petty officials—were the politicians—had never had a principle, a high thought, or a noble ideal. They—the petty officials—were the logical descendants of Judas Iscariot and those base-minded creatures who used to glory in public executions; they would gladly sell their brother or torture him for the sake of the thirty pieces of silver, which has been the price of a Judas in every age. So they decided to make this pater-rotic levy compulsory, and outraged freedom wept.

The rebels were ordered to pay the compulsory levy, or else they would be forced out of their means of livelihood (Ye Gods of Liberty!). Those petty officials, in their determination to climb out of the pit over the bruised and bleeding backs of their fellow slaves, and by licking the bosses' tracks, boast of the "freedom" we enjoy; and then proceed to force noble-minded men to forswear their principles by holding over them the threat of unemployment and the lash of hunger over the heads of their wives and children. These illitigious creatures, these "ridiculous forked radishes" of human beings who bubble over with gratitude to the boss if he condescends to notice them, are just the sort that would have crucified a Spartacus or a Christ; who would have gloated over the torture and imprisonment of a Bruno; the exile and torture of a Gallileo; the exile, poverty and persecution of a Marx; they would have assisted in the assassination of a Jaures yet they dare to talk of the "freedom" of the country. They know not the meaning of "freedom." They know not the meaning of "liberty." And shall I tell it? These petty officials had the support of all the "respectable" people in that mining town—the oldest president, the average editor, the preacher of pious platitudes, the honest business man, and of course the boss of the mines; they all applauded the petty Judases and clapped them on the back for their "loyalty" (Ahem!) And the petty officials went home to dream of the day when they would rise to bossdom and be able to crush all rebels and all other troublesome people who dared to say they were not

The Judgment Day.

By Lillias Gordon

We are tired of the Church's glory
Of the far-off Judgment Day
When we force you an Armageddon
What will ye have to say?

We garner your building timber
When we battle the thrice-piled beam—
Our women faint in your factories
Our children drop at your looms

We delve in the depths and darkness
For coal for your furnace fires,
We are driven like sheep and huddled
Like the cattle in your byres

You hardened the paths of virtue
To your wretched sisters' feet
Till you made them slaves to your greed
At your own price on the street

Now hearken, ye Lords of Labor,
Though Justice be choked at its fount,
There is never a court shall help ye
When we call ye to account

With the wrongs of the past to goad us,
And the future's hope ahead,
Ye shall starve like rats in your mansions,
Ye shall pray to us for bread

Forsooth, we are used to starving,
We can tighten belts at the pinch,
Ye taught us a grim endurance
Who slaved at your pawl and winch

There shall be no coal for your fires,
We are used to the dark and cold
We are used to the depths of misery—
For ye taught us these of old

We have died before in our thousands
When we fought for high finance,
We can die at the least for Labor
In the last grim fighting chance

Ye teach—"The sins of the fathers"—
Take heed to YOUR children then
When ye stamp on their puny faces
The mark of the beast in men

We tire of always "To-morrow!"
What will ye have to say
When we force you an Armageddon
And set us a Judgment Day?

Acid Drops.

(By J. W. Roche.)

W. M. Hughes, P.C., is fraternising, hobnobbing and carrying on a tremendous "corroboree" with the pluties in "Hold Hingland."

These cute gentry, who probably despise the little man in the bottom of their minds, are making a devil of a fuss of him because he will be useful to them. Billee will promise them everything and a lump over when his head gets a bit bigger. These be thy gods, oh Labor!

Joe Charlton, a sterling Socialist, has been "outed" by the Cessnock miners because he refused to pay a levy to a patriotic fund. The deluded boneheads refused to work with him. A sample of British loyalty! The same crowd will be yelling again at the coal owners when the next strike comes, and will beg for help against the very masters that they are assisting now. (The age of true patriotism (love of tribe or community) is gone, and a damnable nightmare has taken its place.

Many of the letters in "Truth" re Father Roche's attack on "fallen women" would lead one to believe that he was in the depths of Africa among the dervishes and devil dances. For unadulterated venom, and sectarian bigotry, some of these "Christian" writers are hard to beat. I am almost inclined to think that some of them have a writhing nest of vipers inside their head instead of a brain. Truly, the children of superstition are a fearful brood!

All devils and gods are closely related. Dare to deny them, you're bitterly hated. But stick to the truth and such hatred despise. No true man will stand for the triumph of lies.

Mary had a ball of wool,
She kept it in a box.
She took it out the other day
And made some soldiers' socks.
She sent them to the soldiers,
Where the battle raged hot,
A glass-eyed major came along,
And grabbed the blooming lot.

free; also no doubt to dream of the next "beano" when the boss (Gaud bless him) would condescend to sit at the same table as themselves, perhaps actually shaking hands with them, and call them "fine loyal workmen" (sic) who fought for freedom by compelling their fellows to surrender his noble principles or starve.

"They are slaves who dare not speak
For the alien and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hate, lying, and abuse,
From the silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the ranks with two or three."

DOUBTING THOMAS

German Australians and the Franchise.

Justice and fair play for German Australians, but not for the other races.

Attitude of Australian workers not exemplary.

A general outcry has been heard in orthodox patriotic circles of late against the franchise of German origin or extraction being permitted to vote at political elections. Mr. Holman, first of all Australian Premiers, has announced that he is contemplating measures to deprive German-Australians of their right to vote. Overboard has gone gradually the civil rights of the citizens in Australia of German extraction, accompanied by all the worst features of racial hatred and bigoted, callous persecution.

Does it mean that when British-Australians proclaim their adherence to the principles of fair play, justice and liberty, they mean fair play, justice and liberty only for British-Australians, but none for the other fellow? British people have never been reluctant to claim the right of citizenship wherever they have appeared. How can they expect to retain the sympathy of anyone if they apply one set of principles to themselves and another set when other people are concerned?

In Germany there are millions of Russians, French, Poles, and Danes who have not been deprived of their rights. The Danish and Polish members of the Reichstag who did not support the war have not been expelled from the Reichstag. They are still there, advancing the claims of non-German sections. In Australia—16,000 miles away from the war—we have no German Members of Parliament. We have not even a German vote. Germans have taken their place alongside their fellow citizens in the existing political parties, and have generally done their share to uplift the people both intellectually and materially. Yet, spurious Australian patriots go into hysterics bordering on silliness. Shall it end with this country which is claimed to be the freest on earth being one of the most intolerant on which the sun shines?

Much has been said as to what harm the German-Australians might do if they were permitted to retain their rights as citizens. But I think that there is far more reason to believe that British-Australians may go against the interests of Australia than there is that German-Australians should do so. The fact is that every German who has immigrated to a foreign country will have lost much of his racial prejudices, and will therefore be able to look at things in a far more reasonable frame of mind than the man who comes directly out of the patriotic nurseries—the national schools—and never has been under neutralising influences.

I believe it can be said that with very few exceptions the Australian of German extraction is for peace, not for war. He knows very well that he will be the last man on earth to benefit from this war. Why should, then, the voice that calls for peace be stifled, while the frenzied bark and yell of the war-mad are the only voices to be tolerated?

The attitude of the Australian workers during the present war have by no means been exemplary. German-Australians who have been doing their best to help and co-operate with their comrades of British extraction, and have often enough suffered severe privations in an unequal contest, have been ignominiously deserted by their own class. Recently the miners at Broken Hill asked for support from all the members of their own class. Yet, the same miners had recently expelled and victimised their comrades of German extraction. In Western Australia thousands of workers of foreign extraction have been thrust into misery and degradation, not by the brutal capitalist class, but by their own flesh and blood.

The position of the German-Australian at present is not an enviable one, and it is about time that some of those who boast of their own virtues should scrutinise their actions and the consequences of them, and give their consideration to the maxim that he who sows evil shall reap evil. The vicious sentiments engendered in the present world-calamity and nurtured by reaction and ignorance will take a long time to eradicate in any case. The fostering of primeval passions by those who ought to know better will not make our task in the future any easier.

H. CHRISTOPHERSON.

Under the present system a few not only have the power to live on the toil of others, but have the legal right to hand the same power down to their descendants.

He that Runs May Read.

That from present indications it will shortly be necessary (in the interests of war economy and of appropriate nomenclature) to delete the fourth and last letters of the Australian Prime Minister's surname.

That the taunt of the "black coated brigade" has quite lost its "punch"—it having been well attested that the present favorite sartorial model of Australian "Labor" politicians is "The Joseph's Coat."

That it is self-evident Australian legislators consider the well-known exhortation, "Be a man, not a mouse," as altogether too widely impossible in its demands, and that, following the "line of least resistance," they have adopted as a guide to action the less exigent paraphrase: Don't be a man—be a chameleon.

That the Melbourne daily, which in the course of its indignant eloquence concerning "enemy subjects," gave publicity to the fact that "some of them are actually administering justice in Australian law courts," is to be thanked cordially for so generously dispersing the dark suspicion entertained by some people who are less informed that what is being served up in the Australian courts to-day is merely the law.

That the suppression by the State of the right of the individual to unhampered freedom of utterance invests with a profound significance for Australia the following extract from Wendell Phillips' "Speeches": "The community which dares not protect its humblest and most hated member in the free utterance of his opinions, no matter how false or hateful, is only a gang of slaves. . . . I dare not trust myself to describe the insolence of men who undertake to dictate to you and me what we shall say on these grand old streets (Boston). But who can adequately tell the sacredness and the value of free speech? Who can fitly describe the enormity of the crime of its violation? . . . South Carolina said to Massachusetts in 1835, when Edward Everett was Governor, 'Abolish free speech, it is a nuisance.' She is right—from her standpoint it is. That is, it is not possible to preserve the quiet of South Carolina consistently with free speech; but you know the story Sir Walter Scott told of the Scotch laird, who said to his old butler: 'Jock, you and I can't live under this roof.' Said Jock: 'And where does your honor think of going?'"

"So free speech says to South Carolina to-day."

Masque.

Paterfamilias (reading aloud from the newspaper): "His trial on a charge of an offence against the Trading with the Enemy Act was continued to-day—"

Paterfamilias's Son and Heir (who inclines strongly towards enquiry to the death): "What does it mean, Dad?"

P.: "It means the infernal scoundrel's been selling stuff to Germany since the outbreak of the war."

Son: "Did he sell it to someone else before the war began, Dad?"

P.: "No, why should he? The German market—"

Son: "Why did he sell it to Germany?"

P.: "To get money—for profit, of course, the confounded rascal!"

Son: "Then should he have given it to Germany?"

P.: "No, you young idiot!"

Son: "Did he give it to Germany before this war began?"

P.: "No, of course not. A fine fool he'd have been. Business is business—"

Son: "What sort of stuff did the man sell?"

P.: "Metals—mineral by-products."

Son: "What did Germany do with it?"

P.: "It was largely used in the manufacture of war munitions."

Son: "Doesn't Germany still need war munitions? Can't the man sell the stuff to Germany now?"

P. (explosively): "Sell it now? Trade with the enemy? Sell her stuff to shoot Britishers with? That's what so rotten about it. The damned rascal's been providing the means to kill his own fellow countrymen."

Son: "But what did Germany do with the stuff before the war?"

P.: "Do with it? D'you suppose she made chocolate creams with it? Used it for munitions, of course!"

Son: "What for?"

P.: "What for? To go to war with, of course. Every bullet has its billet, as the saying is."

Son: "But if we hadn't gone to war with Germany, who would the bullets and things have killed?"

P.: "Her enemies, stupid; any nation that—"

Son: "Would we sell Germany the stuff to make war munitions to kill her enemies with, suppose the enemy wasn't us, but some other nation?"

P.: "Eh! What's that? Er—you don't understand business. As a practical—"

Son: "Does it only matter then if we get killed. Doesn't it matter if men of other nations—"

P.: "Oh! Go to—go to bed at once, d'you hear?"

(Son "hears," and Paterfamilias is left with the disconcerting idea that the catechism might have ended more satisfactorily to himself had he been able to assure his son that, prior to August, 1914, certain valuable exports of his country had been utilized by the consignees in the innocuous manufacture of chocolate creams!)

Bifurcation.

The interior of a church.

A congregation bowed.

A clergyman's mellifluous voice rolling through the warm sensuous atmosphere: "Thou shalt do no murder."

From hundreds of throats the responsive chant: "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law."

A pause—its duration skilfully computed.

Again the voice, that of the polished elocutionist, freighted each syllable with ponderous sobriety: "Thou shalt not commit adultery."

And once more the joint plea: "Lord have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law."

Half an hour later.

Two ladies, representative of the church congregation and of the community, dawdling home in the moonlight.

First Lady: "Did you see that woman there this evening? What effrontery she has!"

Second Lady: "Yes, fancy her showing herself in a place of worship. Apparently she has no sense of shame."

First Lady: "Those creatures never have. I stole a glance at her during the Ten Commandments. She did not even look abashed."

Second Lady: "Oh! she is shameless. I suppose she only came to church out of courtesy—not to repent. . . . I was told she actually requested to have the custody of her child when her husband—the proper husband—died last year. Fancy a child being brought up by such a person!"

First Lady: "Well, she'll find that that sort of conduct—misconduct I should say—is not condoned in this community. She is not being 'received' anywhere I fancy."

Second Lady: "I should think not! Ah! here comes Major Frith! How do you do, Major? So delighted to see you about again. We are to be congratulated upon being able to claim a hero like you as our fellow townsman. How many thrilling feats of arms did you figure in? And how many of the enemy was it you accounted for? . . . Do come soon and tell us all about it—but you're such a 'lion' your time is no doubt very precious."

First Lady: "And how is the dear baby? So glad it was a son and heir! He'll be following in his father's footsteps one of these days. . . . So nice to see so many men in khaki at church to-night. . . . Impressive service, was it not?"

L. G.

German Education.

Liebkecht Lashes Plutes and Jingoos.

An Amsterdam message last week quoted from the "Cologne Gazette" details of the turbulent scene in the Reichstag on March 16. In his speech Dr. Liebkecht, during a discussion on the Education Budget, referred to the demoralising effects of the war on education, stating that it served to strengthen militarism and capitalism.

"You act as if you were wishing to open the road to education only because capitalism requires soldiers," Liebkecht declared.

"The teaching of history has been systematically distorted for the purpose of introducing political conventions into the school, and also to foster Anglophobia. The militarising of schools converts them into training stables for war, to educate your children to be war machines. Their ideals seem to be embodied in poison gas bombs. In schools they should be taught not only that the Serajevo murders should inspire horror, but also that wide circles in Austria and Germany regarded them as a God-send!"

Liebkecht's words created an uproar, the President clanging his bell while many members fled out of the Chamber.

Dr. Liebkecht continued: "Just as with the Thirty Years War, the present war has a demoralising and baneful effect on educa-

What Ecclesiastics Get.

£180,700 A YEAR AMONG 39 PERSONS.

The Bishop of London, according to recent newspaper files from England, has been earnestly advocating national economy during the war. The idea having caught on and become popular, we have pleasure in suggesting that a start might be made in the following list.

Archbishop of Canterbury	£15,000
" York	10,000
Bishop of London	10,000
" Durham	7,000
" Winchester	6,500
" Bath and Wells	5,000
" Oxford	5,000
" Salisbury	5,000
" Ely	5,500
" Peterboro	4,500
" Norwich	4,500
" St. David's	4,500
" Lincoln	4,500
" Carlisle	4,500
" Gloucester	4,300
" Hereford	4,200
" Lichfield	4,200
" Liverpool	4,200
" Bangor	4,200
" Chester	4,200
" Chichester	4,200
" Llandaff	4,200
" Manchester	4,200
" Ripon	4,200
" St. Asaph	4,200
" Worcester	4,200
" Exeter	4,200
" Rochester	4,000
" Southwell	3,500
" Birmingham	3,500
" Newcastle	3,500
" Southwark	3,000
" Truro	3,000
" Wakefield	3,000
" Bristol	3,000
" St. Albans	2,500
" Windsor	2,000
" Westminster	2,000
" Sodor and Man	1,500

Many of the above-mentioned followers of the Carpenter of Nazareth have seats in the House of Peers, and are addressed as "My Lord." "Blessed be ye poor!"

A.S.P. News & Notes.

AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY.

Objective.—The social ownership with Democratic control of the means of Production. Distribution and Exchange.
Headquarters: 115 Goulburn St., Sydney.
LUKE JONES.
General Secretary.

CENTRAL EXECUTIVE.

Next meeting of the C.E. will be held on Sat. April 1.

LUKE JONES,
Gen. Sec.

SYDNEY BRANCH.

Excellent week-end meetings were held. Large crowds collected in the Domain and in the streets to listen to our speakers. The events of the Paris Commune were specially dealt with.

FIXTURES.

Sunday, March 26, Domain, Chairman, Fulham. Speakers, McCormack, Rosenthal, Rees, and Luke Jones.

Park-st., Rees, Highfield, Rennell. Intending members may join by coming along to the hall, 369 Pitt-street, any Thursday at 8 p.m.

The Branch runs a speakers' class every Monday at 8 p.m.

Sunday Evening Lectures.

SOCIALIST HALL, SYDNEY.
369 Pitt-street.

A Lecture will be delivered every Sunday, 8 p.m.

LECTURE.

Sunday March 26, Mr. Lindsay Thompson, "Co-partnership and Profit Sharing."
H. CHRISTOPHERSON,
Secretary.

tion. So long as educational ideals are centred on the death struggle the liberation of the working classes cannot come. The workers themselves must tackle the work of education. Troops must fight not merely in the trenches. They ought to lower their arms and direct them against the common enemy."

The report states that the President kept ringing his bell, and calling on those present to declare whether they wished Liebknecht to continue. Only the Socialists stood by him, and the President refused to allow him to proceed. The majority applauded the President and there were cries of "Out with him."

The report rings true, Liebknecht would probably say such things, and the plutes and jingoes would rave like mad. Each nation takes its history and miseducates its youth, but it hates anyone to say so.

Paris Commune Celebration.

On Saturday, March 18, the anniversary of the Paris Commune, a large audience collected at the Socialist Hall, Sydney, to commemorate the Paris Commune. The function was a very successful one. A varied program was presented. The celebration was continued on Sunday evening, when Luke Jones delivered an interesting lecture to a large audience in the Hall. He gave a splendid exposition of the history of the struggle of the working class in Paris. He described the appalling brutality of the military and capitalist authorities towards the working class, and illustrated the causes of the pathetic failure of this great working class upheaval.

H.C.

NEWTOWN BRANCH.

Branch Rooms, 41 Enmore-road, Newtown.

Economic and Debating Class held every Wednesday night.

PROPAGANDA FIXTURES.

Saturday: Chair, W. Gay. Speakers, F. Hancock, J. Kilburn.

Sunday: Chair, W. Gays. Speakers, F. Hancock, A. Kilburn.

RAY EVERITT,

Secretary.

AUBURN BRANCH.

The above branch meets every Monday night at comrade Jenkin's residence, Kurradah Road, Auburn.

Those who desire to join the branch and help in forwarding the Socialist cause should hand in their names to the branch secretary.

A. SCHOFIELD, Sec.
25 St. Helliers Road, Auburn.

BALMAIN.

The usual propaganda meeting was held here on Sunday night. The meeting was opened by Comrade Hennessy, who outlined the position in good style. This is only Comrade Hennessy's second time on the stump but he already bids fair to become a good Socialist speaker and a staunch worker for his class. Comrade Nelson followed and dealt with "Liberty and the Working-class." Several questions were asked and dealt with.

Next Sunday, Comrades Hennessy, Nelson and H. Conway will deliver addresses.

GEORGE NELSON,

Secretary.

MELBOURNE BRANCH.

Recently some ignorant politician said we ought to be thankful Australia was founded in peace and not in war. Had he heard Comrade George Speers, O.W.P. (which being interpreted means ordinary wage plug), lecture on Sunday, 12th instant, this parliamentarian might have altered his views. The lecture was on "Early Martyrs of Unionism" and dealt with the convict system of Australia and Tasmania from 1812 when Loveless was one of the eight pioneer unionists transported to Port Arthur. His offence was trying to better conditions of workers in England. Port Arthur in those days was an earthly hell, hardly equalled in its horrors by the rack and thumb-screw period of the Holy Inquisition of the Dark Ages in Europe. In addition to tortures of triangle and lash, there were mental tortures of solitary confinement in dank dungeons, so perhaps Port Arthur was a degree worse.

The lecturer had his facts well marshalled, and having made a special study of the subject, dealt ably with it. He quoted from official sources so that no advocate of punishment as a means of reform (from the capitalist standpoint) could have found a flaw in the lecturer's gruesome story.

Botany Bay (N.S.W.) and Port Arthur (Tas.) were colonised by men, women and boys made criminals against capitalism for shooting a pheasant or a rabbit, or for political offences. The sentence of a judge on a prisoner is recorded—seven years transportation to Tasmania for the offence of leaving the church. "Such men," said the judge, "would easily become anarchists and their offence would mean ruin and stagnation to trade." It was usual at Port Arthur to flog men for any breach of discipline, even in the prison church. Beside the pulpit a war-

Red Week.

Sydney and suburban branches will hold a Red Week in the first week in May. Tickets will be obtainable from branch secretaries and other comrades for all functions.

Donations of cash and goods may be sent to this office for the Bazaar. Every body send something, and help to beat last year's initial success.

der guarded the parson, and warders were stationed near the "worshippers" as they listened to the gospel of love and mercy.

There were no beasts of burden at Port Arthur: the convicts instead dragged heavy loads of timber, and men were flogged one day and set to work the next carrying heavy bags of lime. They worked in "light" irons weighing 20 to 30 lb.

At Port Arthur it was recorded that a boy of 14 was flogged for attempting to commit suicide. Women were flogged; some were compelled to wear spiked collars, and one was flogged on her bare back in the streets of Hobart. Women were sent out like animals to populate the country as in the slave days of America, and these unfortunate creatures were in many instances the victims of the officers in charge of Tasmania's convict population.

Possibly the most inhuman and cruel of the long list of official governors in British penal settlements was John Price. Norfolk Island was the scene of his first administrative cruelties. He succeeded a governor who had made many reforms, doing away with punishment by lash and triangle and freeing assigned servants, to the horror of the capitalist press of that time. Clouds gathered again over the lives of convicts when John Price became penal settlement governor. His end was murder by convicts near Williamstown (Vic.). The exact spot is said to be behind the glass bottle works at Seddon.

The lecture was illustrated by about 30 slides shown by the party's beautiful limelight lantern. An old ivy-covered, ruined church, scene of two murders during its erection, Eaglehawk Neck at Port Arthur, where bulldogs and mastiffs were chained to prevent convicts escaping and sharks fed to encourage them keeping in the locality, were notable views in a collection valuable as a record in the past history of early colonisation of Tasmania.

A very successful concert and dance under the direction of Mrs. A. Klein, to whom much credit is due for able organisation, was held on Monday, 13th instant. The proceeds go to the Wilson Defence Fund. Members and sympathisers attended so well that a substantial sum will be handed to the fund. As usual, our Russian comrades willingly gave their musical services and a Cossack dance was a novel item in an enjoyable programme. Comrade Aaronson was M.C. in his usual efficient style.

Last week's euchre party and dance provided a pleasant evening, and a satisfactory profit. These evenings are becoming a social success, and make a pleasant opportunity for comrades to forget for a time the boss, the landlord, and the wage system.

J. M., Press Correspondent.

GEE BEE.

HELP WANTED.

Queensland and other comrades will be sorry to learn of the severe illness of comrade Jack Read, of Brisbane branch. Comrade Read is laid up in Brisbane Hospital with typhoid fever, and it will be several weeks before he can get about again. Meanwhile, Mrs. Read and family are hard pressed through the temporary loss of their breadwinner. Moreover, another child is expected shortly, so that Mrs. Read is badly in need of assistance. Any comrades or friends who can help might send a donation to Ern. Fredlien, Secy, Brisbane Branch, Box 10, P.O., Stanley-st., South Brisbane, Q.

BRISBANE NOTES.

Great interest is being manifested in Labor circles over the Fortitude Valley election. The seat was recently made vacant by the exit of Dave Bowman. Further interest has been aroused because of the rumors current that a Socialist candidate was to go to the poll. Consequent upon these rumors, a goodly number of workers assembled in the Hardgrave Hall to hear reasons why the seat should be contested. Comrade Quinton spoke ably for over an hour, and demonstrated in a most trenchant manner the Party's position. Some opposition came from an I.W.W. member in the audience, but his arguments were of the usual stereotyped quality, and the speaker had no difficulty in meeting them. An anarchist also had a knock, but his tirade was more sarcastic and personal than intelligently illuminating to the discussion. A number of sympathisers have promised several pounds toward the £25 deposit or fine which our democratic Labor Government inflicts upon the struggling minority. Should the whole amount be forthcoming, a candidate will take the field. He undoubtedly will have a stormy reception from the patriots, but the good work done will be provocative of excellent results after the war fever has left the mental apparatus of the plugs.

Yours seeking (Work?),

GEE BEE.

Books and Pamphlets on Sale and to Arrive.

Title.	s. d.
The Positive Outcome of Philosophy, also in same volume Letters on Logic and the Nature of Human Brain Work (Dietzen)	4s.
Landmarks of Scientific Socialism (Anti-Duehring). Contains the most important portions of the larger work from which Socialism, Utopian and Scientific was taken (Engels)	4s.
The Physical Basis of Mind and Morals. Shows the origin of mind and the relation of economics to morals (Fitch)	4s.
Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History (Labriola)	4s.
Socialism and Philosophy. In the form of familiar letters (Labriola)	4s.
An Introduction to Sociology. A new and useful work for beginners, tracing the development of this new science, with estimates of the work of Comte, Spencer, Ward, Small, and other Sociologists (Lewis)	4s.
Critique of Political Economy. Explains the general theory of surplus value and discusses the currency question (Marx)	4s.
The Poverty of Philosophy. A reply to Proudhon (Marx)	4s.
Looking Forward: A Treatise on the Status Woman and the Origin and Growth of the Family and the State (Rappaport)	4s.
Marxian Economics, a popular introduction to the study of Marx (Untermann)	4s.
Principles of Scientific Socialism, a systematic and attractive statement of Socialist theories (Wells)	4s.
Woman and Socialism, the classic work on this subject, revised, enlarged, and newly translated (Bebel)	6s.
Ancient Society, the greatest and most revolutionary book on primitive man (Morgan)	6s.
Capital, Vol. I, The Process of Capitalist Production (Marx)	8s.
Capital, Vol. II, The Process of Circulation of Capital (Marx)	8s.
Capital, Vol. III, The Process of Capitalist Production as a Whole (Marx)	8s.
Introduction to Socialism. Excellent for beginners, 64 pages (Richardson)	3d.
Unionism and Socialism (Eugene V. Debs)	6d.
Industrial Socialism. Explains why the Socialist Party stands for economic as well as political action (Haywood and Bohn)	6d.
The Right to be Lazy (64 pages) (Lafargue)	6d.
Socialism, What It Is and What It Seeks to Accomplish. (Wilhelm) Liebknecht	6d.

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